ROBERTA FLACK WINS NEW FANS

INDIANA TEENS SOAR HIGH ON WORSHIP

DO WE REALLY WANT LAW AND ORDER?

DOONESBURY TAKES OVER COMICS PAGE

YOUTH

AUGUST 1972

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EDITOR: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
MANAGING EDITOR: Joan E. Hemenway
ADMIN. SECRETARY: Clara Utermohlen
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DESIGNERS: Bob and Sandy Bauer
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roberta FLACK

'EXT BY ELEANOR MOORE
ıotos by Richard Howard

ıccess has taken a curious and lei-
.rely route for Roberta Flack. It's
st as well, because she has packed
lot of experience into the 30 years
ading up to her "discovery." Class-
al musician. Teacher. Social pro-
ster. Nightclub "moonlighter."
nd for the past three years, pro-
ssional singer "on the road."

Suddenly she has a number one
cord in the country, and this in
self is a quirk of fate. That haunt-
g folk-love ballad, "The First Time
ver I Saw Your Face," playing on
dios everywhere was recorded on
oberta's first album, "First Take,"
1969—and had been long since
rgotten by everyone involved!

What happened? Actor Clint East-
wood, while directing his first film, "Play Misty for Me," chose "First Time" to be played over and over—a sort of plot catalyst—throughout the movie. That's how Roberta got to be number one, and it's causing the legions of Flack aficionados who've been following her career for a long time to say, "I told you so—it's long overdue."

When you first see Roberta in concert, you begin to understand why she's built up such a popular—though never before commercial—following. Recently she brought a predominantly white audience of college students to its feet with her first song. For one magic moment these Bridgewater State students

"Being a teacher and an entertainer are basically the same the ability to relate to people in terms of their responding to what you're saying."

felt what it's like "To Be Young, Gifted and Black." Roberta sings the words from her heart, "In this whole world, there are millions of boys and girls who are young, gifted and black—that's a fact! . . . So when you're feeling low, be proud and say, I am young, gifted and black."

It's a rare and beautiful moment when an audience stands, stunned and silent, *not* clapping. She broke the spell when the song ended, with "You better know it, baby!" With relief, the ovation began. Theatrical catharsis? Yes. Theatrical gymnastics? Not really, for Roberta *speaks* to young people, and looks back to her seven years of teaching junior high school in Washington, D.C., as partially accounting for this power.

"There are particular qualities that make you a teacher—the ability and the desire to impart knowledge. And the ability to relate to people in terms of their responding to what you're saying. Entertaining is basically the same thing—the fact that I'm up there is like a classroom situation. What the people get out of it might be difficult to test, but you can assume that they've learned something."

Teaching and performing may be related, but there's a world of difference when you must face getting on stage before hundreds of stra faces. "I really think that my tea ing experience has been invaluabl just in terms of my not being around people. That's very ha and you never ever really get ove When I go out on stage I'm alw nervous, my lips always quiver my knees shake. You're out ther and whoom!—you don't know w you're going to get. Of course, t might throw something at you, that sure is like a classroom! I the same kind of urgency to resp to these people that I felt with students, and that makes it poss for me to go out there and functi I *know* I'll be nervous for the song, and I work really hard at falling apart, because I know by time I reach the second song, I'l all right."

Like her opening song, Rob grew up young, gifted and blac and shy! Growing up in the W ington ghetto couldn't have b easy, but her childhood reminisce are tempered with a love that only be engendered in a closely- family.

"We were not poor in spirit. T is the typical black answer these d but it's true. I'll be honest and

t the foot of the Washington Monument on Human Kindness Day, the mayor onored Roberta Flack with a key to the city, her hometown.

ou it's taken me this long in my life realize that!" she says. "I just cepted the fact that we were poor, ut now that I'm older I can look ck and say we really were not poor spirit. Even if all we had to eat as beans and corn bread, we had enty of it, and I never went hun-y. If I did, the food was substituted th something else which I got from y mother and father."

Both parents were musical, and oor as they were, they had a piano, old upright which Mr. Flack sal-ged from the local junkyard and inted a high shade of lime green! f course it was never tuned and the ys stuck with regularity, but Ro-rta quickly picked up her mother's hymn repertoire. Mrs. Hightower, an affluent member of the Flack's church, recognized the young girl's musical gifts and sponsored lessons with the best music teacher in Washington.

Roberta became a classically-trained pianist of considerable talent, one who was overweight and shy. She remembers her high school years as a trilogy vignette of studying (straight A student), practicing, and eating. Few friends and no dates. When she saw the high school band portrait of herself seated in the front row holding a french horn, overweight and resembling her instrument in an appalling way, she decided to stop performing and concentrate

In the Atlantic Records studio in New York, the singing star works on a new song for her upcoming album.

on music theory and teaching.

Roberta's teaching arena began to grow when she got her entertaining break at Mr. Henry's, a popular Washington nightclub. At first she was only moonlighting in an effort to supplement her teacher's pay. She was so popular that they built Roberta her own private sanctum upstairs where her "cult" following could sit on the sidelines in church pews and listen to Roberta sing. The windows were stained glass. That they built her a church is not an exercise in poor taste, it is rather a tribute to her powers of performance, of affecting others.

An old friend who helped get her the Mr. Henry audition, wept when Roberta sang certain songs, would often say, "You know berta, you sing protest songs you sing them with love."

This, indeed, is Roberta's p ophy of teaching and enterta "I believe strongly in the val the black struggle, of anyone's gle for equality and basic h rights, and I know that my be is to express this through musi

Roberta's strongest love-pro directed toward helping her p all over the country and in the ington ghetto where she gre When you hear her perform Up Moses," a song she wrot self with Joel Dorn and Jesse son, you begin to feel her frustr

Recorded in 1969, "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face" s only now bringing her the mass popularity she leserved long ago.

'he refrain, "Go up Moses, you been own too long," is a slow, rhythmic frro-chant, repeated over and over, uilding and gaining intensity, framig verses of instruction:

"My people, let Pharoah go,
You don't need him, you don't need his tricks, you don't need his trinkets,
My people, let Pharoah go,
Pharoah doesn't want you, but he needs you,
Without you there is no Pharoah, so let him go.
Just wake up tomorrow morning and say, Bye, Pharoah."

Nine years ago Roberta was on age at the civil rights march on Vashington. "I was like the also-n. They had Bill Cosby, Sidney oitier, Eartha Kitt, Barbara McNair -you name it. I had my band there nd was as nervous as could be until ssie Davis came up to me and asked I could play for Eartha Kitt. I id, 'Sure.' 'Will you play for Barra McNair?' 'Sure.' I wound up aying piano accompaniment, dog my thing, and proud of it."

Many benefits followed with Rorta center stage. Just recently the bles were turned on Washington's oberta Flack Day, an official aclade from her hometown for the lady who protests with love. The day began with breakfast at the Kennedy Center and ended with a formal banquet presided over by the Mayor. In between were citations, an outdoor concert and a black caucus. Fittingly, the day was dedicated to Roberta, but its tangible purpose was to showcase local artists and musicians, to give them a start.

Roberta refuses to see herself as a political force despite these public appearances. "I cannot stand up on any soapboxes and express any opinions. As a performer I am only capable of doing certain things. A song like 'Go Up Moses' is real, so in that sense I am political. But I wouldn't go out and endorse so-and-so for President; I think that's very bad, man.

"First of all, in this country, with the revelation of the Pentagon Papers and the ITT scandal, you don't know *what* to believe. The important thing is to be strong and independent enough to make a decision on your own.

"So, rather than using my fame and my influence to get someone else to make a vote they haven't even thought about, I would rather educate them to the fact that it's important for them to investigate.

"I believe strongly in the value of anyone's struggle for equality and basic human rights and I know my best bet is to express this through music."

Don't go out and vote for a man because he's any color; don't go out and vote for a man because he promises you anything. Make up your mind purely on the basis of what you're able to deal with and how you can understand it.

"This is particularly important for black people. They need to be educated. There are black people who *know* that we have the privilege and the freedom and the right and the duty to vote, but they don't vote because they have the idea that, because they're a minority, their vote doesn't count. 'I'm one and I'm black.' That's wrong. I say, let this man, whether he's 21 or 101, stand up, make his own decision and vote. That's *education,* and that's needed."

Roberta is able to chuckle about young white girls who vote for McCloskey just because Paul Newman says to, but she makes a serious point: "Young white kids who are fans of entertainers and vote for their man—that's another thing. Because those white kids are the majority, and they have the power to go back later and impeach the man, take him out of office. Black people just don't have this power. So with us it's got to be education. Black people just cannot afford that luxury!"

A visit to Roberta's home in lington, Va., reinforces what feel at her concerts, that she is a and thoughtful woman whose dom manifests itself on all le right down to one-to-one relat ships with friends *and* with anim

Before Roberta can answer door, you are welcomed by a fl of cat and dog fur. There are dogs and five cats in the Flack nagerie, all adored and catered outrageously by Roberta who c resist a stray down-and-out ani no matter how great her flock.

A recent phone call betw Roberta and a young friend overheard. The girl was calling f the West Coast to tell Roberta boyfriend, a talented jazz music had just died from an overdose cocaine. How do you handle a sit tion like that, so far away? All "right" things were said, but t were said *right.* Compassion ne outweighed the reality of continu "to keep on strutting." Roberta acted as only a good and wise fri could have.

Later she spoke of the danger drugs, which she undoubtedly see lot of in her business. "I have a p sonal program to try and talk peo out of using drugs. I can't tell how strongly I feel about it, es

At home in Arlington, Va., she relaxes with one of her many pets.

ially when kids fall into the trap. 'ou get a young person, 18 or 19 ears old, who's maybe been practic- ng for four or five years. He comes rom a good home, and all he wants o do is play. He really doesn't want o be a junkie — I don't care what olor he is. He just wants to play. ut here he is, and he gets trapped nto the whole drug-cult thing—'the ene'—because he feels obligated to in."

All the while she's talking, glor- us odors are wafting out the tchen door. It's Mrs. Flack, who ves with Roberta and takes care of e animal dependents when her ughter is on the road (most of the me, lately), cooking up a soul-food ast.

When you see Mrs. Flack sitting the piano in the living room, aying in hammy jest while Roberta oks on, it's hard not to see the ide and love passing between them. s a funny, silly moment — the other performs while the famous ughter watches—but beyond the ughter lies the spirit of what made oberta who and what she is today.

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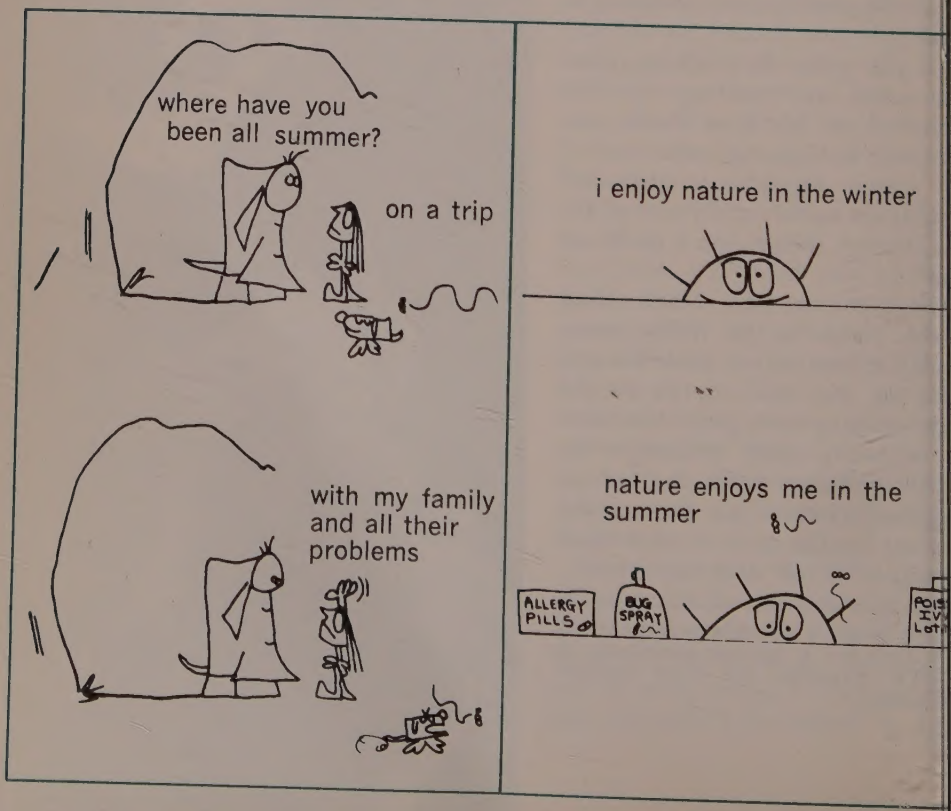
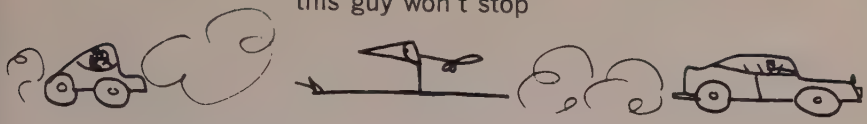
eanor Moore is a free-lance writer from w York and a frequent contributor to OUTH magazine and other national blications.

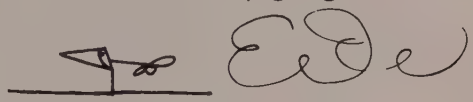
BRUNNER ON VACATION



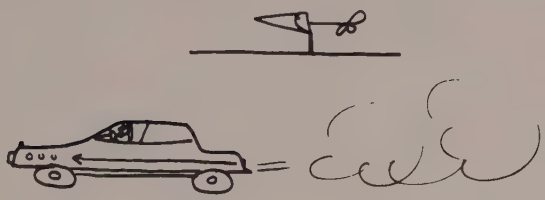
this guy won't stop



i'm sure that woman will keep going

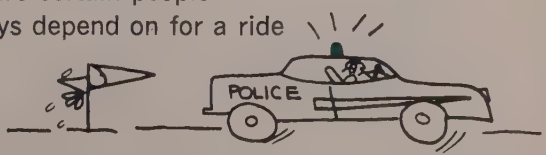


the kid with his folks will never stop

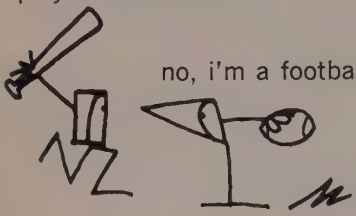


i bet this guy will

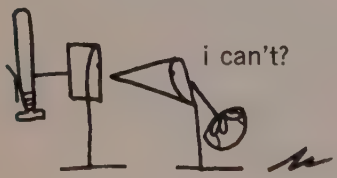
there are certain people
you can always depend on for a ride

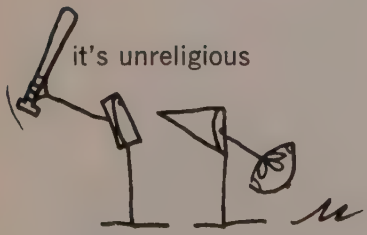


do you want to
play baseball with us?



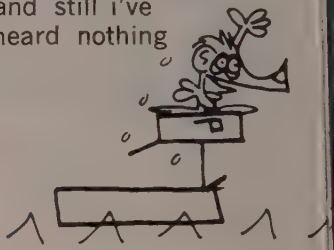
you can't play football
in the summer



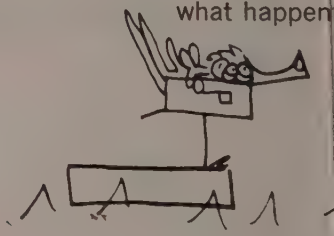


all i wanted was
one letter

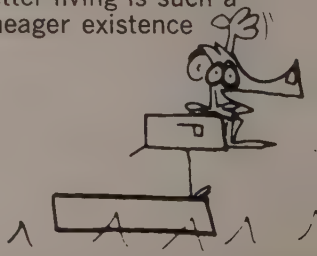
i've written everyday
and still i've
heard nothing



i wonder
what happen



letter living is such a
meager existence



what should we do tonight?

let's see what every one else is doing . . .

what's up albert?

we're hanging out

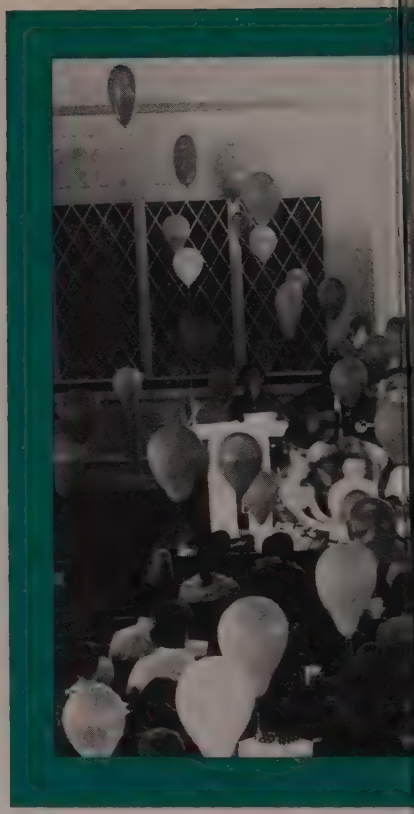
but we hang out every night

did you ever think hanging out would become our hang up . . .

© 1972 by Doug Brunne

THE 5th SEASON

BALLOONS HAVE BECOME A TRADEMARK OF AN ECUMENICAL YOUTH GROUP IN GOSHEN, IND., WHICH LEADS CHURCHES IN NEW FORMS OF WORSHIP



By Lois Rensberger
Photos by David Hiebert

It all started three years ago when the First United Methodist Church of Goshen, Ind., announced a youth folk worship service. Those of us who were there still remember the shock of pleasure when we heard an ancient Psalm sung to a modern sound, backed by guitar, bass, clarinet, flute and drums, the strong and insistent beat, driving to such a peak that we knew then why people used to shout in church. There was scrip ture, too, read in a modern versio and discussed in contemporary term Even skeptics were impressed.

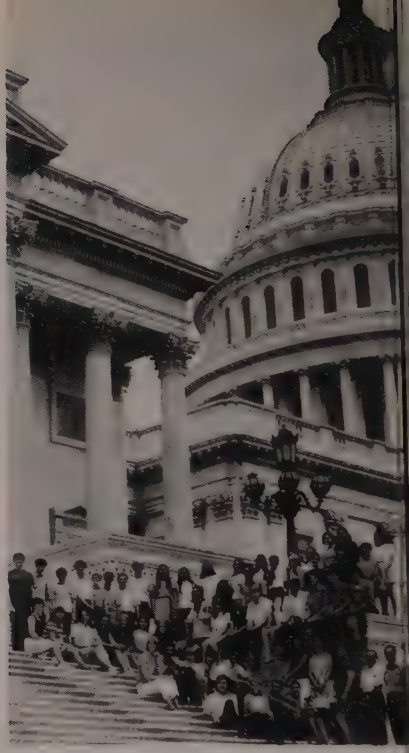
Dennis Rumfelt, the church orga ist who planned and led the servic expected that the group would fad away and the service be forgotte Or be remembered fondly as "th time we had so much fun in church But those who had been there wante to hear it again or share it with friend who had missed it. Reques for encores came in steadily.

The 5th Season

Very flattering. Very reassuring to know the service had made such an impact. But how to get it all together again? In preparation for the first service, the Methodist youth had contacted about 90 friends to get participants for the 40-voice choir and 15-piece orchestra. So how do you reach 55 "United Methodist, Lutheran, Brethren, Mennonite, Presbyterian, United Church of Christ, Episcopalian, Church of God, Greek Orthodox, Christian Reformed, Catholic young people, and probably some I've forgotten to mention" who are scattered all over town?

Several months later Rev. Paul Koepke needed a special service for Youth Sunday at Plymouth United Church of Christ. One of the girls on his planning committee had taken part in the folk worship and insisted that they get the group together again. Rev. Koepke recalls, "I didn't want to try it. I didn't believe you could get that many kids together and have them come up with anything that would work. But Barb

THE GROUP ASKED ITSELF: "WAS IT A PERFORMANCE OR A WORSHIP SERVICE?"



Singing on the steps of the Capitol wa
not the turning point that the singers
had expected.

was so persistent that I gave in and we got everybody together somehow. We worked out a new liturgy. I guess since then they changed it a little bit for the next few services and that was it."

Indeed it was. The Youth Folk Worship Service (as they were first billed) acquired a consultant, Rev. Koepke, retained Dennis as their director, and made plans to lead a service—never "give a performance" —once a month. Soon they chose a new name, The Fifth Season, to represent something yet to come but not here today, to convey a feeling of expectation and hope.

In the spring someone thought of using balloons in the service and response was so enthusiastic that balloons were written into the liturg
Their joyful sight and sound (som
times they pop during a service)
now a Season trademark.

Since I had been to the origin
folk worship service, I might nev
have gone to hear The Fifth Seas
(if you've heard one folk worshi
you've heard them all) but I h
heard such glowing accounts of
service where the use of balloo
sounded strange but nice. So I we
to see for myself.

It was a hot June night when

walked down an aisle lined with pink yellow blue white red orange balloons. More were tied to music racks and railings, waving in the air conditioner breeze, bobbing and weaving until their strings tangled and they seemed to embrace.

Young people perched on stools and stood behind the pulpit and sat on the chancel steps. Forty voices burst into "Brother, Let Me Take Your Hand," which says, in part, "I've discovered something really good, it's a brand-new life that I have found and I'd like to sing it, shout it, show it, even try to share it if I could."

Then Dave invited us to join them as participants in this celebration of the joy of our faith. "Rejoice!" Someone handed me a balloon and suddenly I was helping to make it happen.

I sat there looking around at all the dancing balloons, watching people's faces as they listened sometimes and sang sometimes and held tight to their own strings. I felt I had found a new place where God was free to be something different to me. Or where I was free to be something new for Him. I kept remembering a phrase from the Prayer for Joy of Faith that we had read in unison: "Don't let me miss anything good, nor scorn those who find what I have missed."

Afterwards, out in the parking lot, I stood in the twilight with the others and heard Dave say, "You have gathered here to remember that Jesus is your Lord, and to remember what it means to be God's people. You are loved; you are forgiven; you have been taught; you have declared your intentions; you have been given symbols of responsibility. Now scatter into the world, to live as free and responsible people in Christ."

With the others I said, "We intend to do just that." And Dave said, "Take peace and joy with you," and we said, "Yes! Amen."

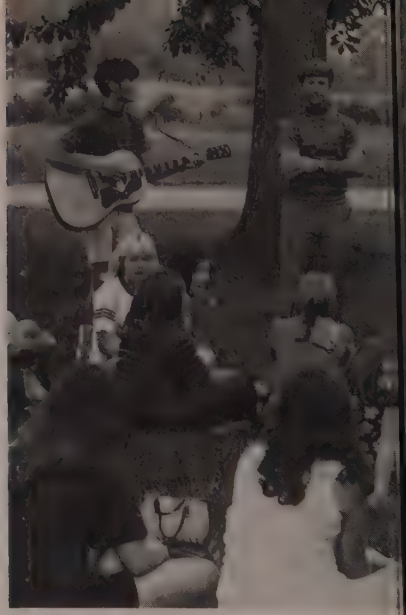
Then we all let go of our balloons. They went up like a polka-dotted cloud, circling and drifting in many-colored confusion for a moment until they were caught in a strong current and rose, still together but spreading out a bit as though giving witness in various directions, rising more and sailing farther until they were at last out of our sight.

The Fifth Season was softly singing "Kum Ba Yah" and some of us joined in. It was the best benediction I had ever had. My balloon and I had been released and we were going into the world, in our separate ways, to give joy as God had given it to us.

You can't walk away from an experience like that as though nothing had happened to you. I mentioned this casually to Dennis and he replied just as casually, "Come to Washington with us."

Nobody, as I said later in an article for *The Goshen News*, decides he's going to Washington to sing for the President unless he's too young to know it's impossible. But The Fifth Season did. They thought the nation's capital was the highest and most honored place to sing. If they

"I TRIED TO TELL MY FOLKS, BUT THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND."

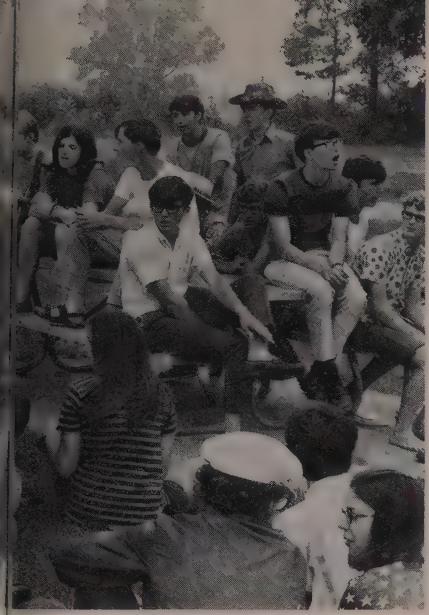


Key to the Season's success is not only Director Dennis Rumfelt (in fron of tree) but also the spirit of the gro itself.

could make it there, they could do anything.

When they left Goshen on August 11, 1970—a year after that first service in the Methodist church—there was still hope that they would get to the White House. And by the time they found the President would not be there and they would only get as far as an appearance on the Capitol steps, it didn't matter anymore. They had other things on their minds.

The plan was that they would sing their way East, with Washington as the grand climax. But the first service at Sylvania, Ohio, nearly blew them out of the church. People began to clap and sing along; singers came down to stand with the congregation and listeners went up front to



be with the Season. The division between performers and audience was dissolved in love and joy.

The next evening, during the prayer service in which The Fifth Season prepare themselves to lead others in worship, there was much sober discussion about Sylvania. This explosion had been spontaneous. How could they create an atmosphere which would allow this to happen again, without manipulating people into a show of forced emotion?

They agreed that they would need to concentrate on worshipping and not expect a sing-and-shout happening every time, that people would react in various ways or seem not to react at all. As Alice said, "Sometimes it's just a beautiful thing you can see in their eyes."

Dennis sounded the final warning. "Make sure it's real. Be sure it's for the glory of God and not for the glory of The Fifth Season."

Services on the rest of the trip varied according to the needs of the congregations. People who wanted to feel something strongly found what they were seeking. Those who were not able or willing to show emotion by clapping in church sat quietly. In any case, worship happened.

The day The Fifth Season finally reached Washington and sang on the Capitol steps was summed up neatly by a bit of overheard conversation: "Everybody out of the bus for the performance."

"Unfortunately, that's just what it will be." And it was. Not one of the passing tourists really wanted to listen. Suddenly something happened to the group. The Season now knew that their reason for singing was not to perform but to reach people who needed to hear them.

That night their scheduled service at a local church was briefly delayed as the members of the Season prayed about and discussed disagreements that were finally resolved "because we love each other." There were tears. Then as the service began, Dave told the congregation about the prayer meeting. "We were all there together and it was as though a cloud descended on us and He was there."

The night turned into one of old-fashioned testimony. A Methodist

"SOMEONE HANDED ME A BALLOON AND SUDDENLY I WAS PART OF THE SERVICE."

Before each service, members rehear and do chores like filling balloons w helium.

minister, who had attended the service the night before, handed out buttons with "PTL" on them—"Praise The Lord." (Season members still cherish these buttons; they had others printed, to wear and to hand out.) People were reluctant to leave after the benediction; they wanted the Season to stay on for another service.

Going home after such a high point might have been depressing. But when we stopped for lunch on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, George passed the word that anyone who wanted to join him for communion should climb the hill behind the bus stop.

We sat on the dry grass with crushed pennyroyal rising like incense. On an old gray rotted stu lay a loaf of bread, flanked by t half-filled Dixie cups. George pa phrased the communion service, a ing Ecclesiastes 3 to the traditio scripture, "For everything there i season . . ." And the cups went fr hand to hand as we shared the lence, the meaning, the love. Wh it was over, no one moved. We w held there by a sense of Presence calm and sure knowledge that t too was a very special place.

At last we moved reluctantly b into the world and to our bus. I how do you go home to reality af the mountain top? How do you sh such a deep mystical experience? was hard to tell parents and frie at home what had happened.

maybe they didn't know how to react. "I tried to tell my folks about the things that happened and they just said that's nice, we're glad you had a good time," reported one bewildered Season member.

Some of us wondered how good it was to reach such a high level of emotion. Would it have a lasting effect on the lives of the members? Could the group survive ordinary times?

Today, two years after that afternoon on the August hillside, The Fifth Season is very much alive. They still give two services a month. They are booked a year in advance. Sometimes they accept retreat situations in other areas. Last summer they went to Koinonia Partners in Americus, Ga.; this year it's Maine.

The list of people waiting to join the group is long. There are no auditions, no requirements for membership other than an interest in what the Season is doing. Financial support comes from offerings, donations, and group projects.

The present 46 members rehearse on the afternoon of an evening service—or an hour before a morning one—and spend nearly another hour in physical preparations: filling the balloons from tanks of helium, tying strings and taping them in place, setting up music racks and bar stools, and so on. Every member has a responsibility. This is somehow part of the service; to blow a balloon is the beginning of worship.

The Fifth Season has no secret of success. They meet before the service to prepare themselves with sentence prayers in the arm-around-the next-one circle and some quiet sharing of problems and joys: "I got rejected by the college I really wanted to go to." "Tomorrow I have an interview that may decide my future."

And they sing with enthusiasm. Dennis would like to insist on musical perfection but the members feel this takes away from their ability to relate to people. Here the nearly self-governing nature of the group becomes clear. "Theoretically I try to let them make all the decisions." There is an executive committee but most rules, such as the ones on absenteeism, have been dropped.

"IN WEAKER MOMENTS, WE STILL LOOK FOR THE THRILL TO TOP THE THRILL OF THE PAST."

The group has remained close through honest, creative, and spiritual involveme in their times of sharing with congregations and with each other.

Together they decide whether to dress up or wear blue jeans (dress so the older folks don't get turned off, was the verdict) and where to sing, and develop their own service. The entire group chooses the theme, content, and songs, and a committee works with Rev. Koepke to write the narration.

The service—it is changed from time to time—follows the original pattern, with songs ranging from "Jesus Loves the Little Children," to a Bob Dylan favorite or an original by one of the Season. This year there is also a Litany for Change which Margie brought back from the National Youth Conference of the Church of the Brethren.

"They never get tired of thos original songs," says Dennis Rumfel who plays a key role, both as dire tor and friend. "They may tempo rarily tire of those songs, when the lose their enthusiasm for God an don't always see Him in what they'r doing. It's like saying the Lord Prayer every Sunday morning. No they feel it's their responsibility t change programs if they feel stal We are almost always working i some new songs."

Dennis continues. "I can see th biggest change in these kids. Man of the original members were cri ical of their own churches but wer not mature enough to do somethin about it. The Fifth Season stresse

go back and share, so that those who get something from our services give it back to their own congregations.

"In weaker moments we still look for a thrill to top the thrill of the past. When giving becomes as important as receiving once was, the new high will come. Until we came to grips with this there was a real question of whether we should continue. Nobody was getting anything. Now we are on a new kind of growth pattern. New members still need to receive, while others are moving ahead, ready to give.

"At one time performance vs. worship was the big issue. We had to work through definitions, to know that sometimes *I* don't feel like worship and so I am performing, but others may be worshipping. Once we evaluated the service by visible signs of involvement, like clapping or prayers. Now we are saying we can't tell. We've seen some good things come out of what seemed to be failures. My own faith has grown so much by being with these kids.

"The services may take a different form or change style as the needs of congregations change. But The Fifth Season will go on as long as the kids want it to."

Mrs. Lois Rensberger of Goshen, Ind., who writes for Brethren and Mennonite publications, traveled with the Fifth Season to Washington, D.C.

"A camera is a good excuse to go somewhere"

Photos and interviews by Bob Fitch
Written by Joan Hemenway

Here's a teacher who wants to help young people find interest in life, not just learn a trade. Ben Fernandez talks about his students, his school, and his photography.

About four years ago I went bac to my old neighborhood in Spam ish Harlem and set up a photogra phy school to help other kids. I'v sort of dedicated the last three o four years to getting these kid going. They range from 13 or 14 years old to about 20 years old Today the Photo Film Workshop i a thriving organization. We have branches in the Bronx and i Ponce, Puerto Rico.

All I'm doing is just trying t give people a way of life. I thin photography is a good excuse t go somewhere, to be nosey, to b curious, to get yourself involved Photography gives you an oppor tunity to expand your thoughts And I'm finding a lot of these kid have this talent. They just don'

know where to go with it.

For instance, Angel Franco is a Puerto-Rican kid who was basically illiterate. Now he's got a whole new view on life. He's reading and writing very well; he's gotten himself a scholarship in visual arts. I could name eight or ten like this. And they've all managed to get through school and continue using their photography. I'm not out to make them photographers, though; I'm out to make people who are interested in life. That's what my whole concept is about and that is what the school is about.

Now the school is free, which means I basically have more kids than I can handle. Some of them can't even speak English. So when I began, I wondered "How can I get through to these kids?" I figured I could get through to them by allowing them to be in my position. So they became "student-teachers." With that responsibility they started to respond to me. So I wasn't just teaching them. They became actively interested so they wouldn't look bad when they started teaching ten other kids! So I'm into getting people to deal with themselves. All I do is agitate and get them started.

Since beginning the workshop, we've gotten some funding from the New York State Council on the Arts, the Rockefellers, and some private donations. Photographers give us old enlargers and cameras. One person repairs cameras free

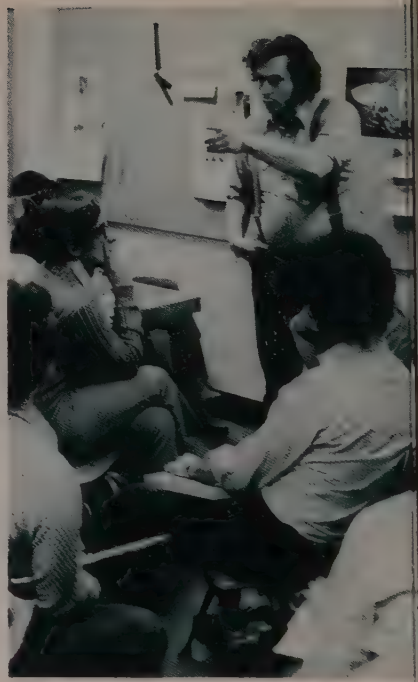
for us. And Joseph Papp of the Shakespeare Theatre has given us these four rooms in the theatre building for the workshop.

What I try to do is point out to my students that if you just take this camera and focus in on an area, you can make money from it; you can support yourself. One of our kids was walking down a street and saw a bank robbery and took pictures of the guys coming out. He got $50 from the **Daily News** for his photos. And now he realizes that there's money to be made if he starts walking the streets.

There's a lot of areas related to photography which people can deal with if they want to make a living apart from the teaching end, or printing end, or processing end. If a guy has a basic understanding of photography, he may become a lithographer, work for a printing house. There are lots of areas separate from magazines and newspapers. I started by doing weddings and bar mitzvahs.

But the first thing beginners tend to do is pick up a camera and try to go out and do something like "Blow-up." They soon learn that they have to start with something more credible. And those that stick with it usually wind up doing very well.

Now I've got a program where I'm teaching guys in jail what's happening in photography. And then when they get out they can



come down and use the workshop. So then an ex-con can get a job. For example, he can decide to be a "kidnapper"—that's doing baby pictures for diaper services. It's a cruddy job, but I put bread on the table a long time doing these kinds of things. In fact, I would not have been able to do what I wanted to do in photography if I didn't have the capacity to do this kind of work. So if a guy really gets in there wanting to do something, he can survive with a camera.

When I was laid off from the Brooklyn Navy Yard where I was working as a crane operator, I found out that my old Scoutmaster was in charge of publicity at the

World's Fair and he had a problem because he couldn't get people to come over and do the photographic work without charging $60 or $75 a day. So I walked in on the scene and worked for $25 a day.

While I was there, I watched all these kids coming in and said, "Why don't we give them a souvenir picture?" He thought it was a good idea and I wound up selling every kid that came through an 8 x 10 photo for one dollar. And 26,000 kids came through during that period the fair was open.

In terms of the workshop itself, I've really become a fund-raiser and administrator and I've kind of lost myself as a photographer. And I want to get back to photography. So I'm trying to get a Board of Trustees together, and hire a full-time executive director and a secretary. But if this doesn't happen, I'll just stay with it anyway.

Right now I'm doing a book called **For Benedict Fernandez**—who is my Grandfather—for my father, myself and my son. It shows the migration of the Puerto-Ricans from Spain to Puerto Rico, from Puerto Rico to Spanish Harlem, from Spanish Harlem to New Jersey. And how my son, who is Benedict Fernandez IV, has Spanish blood four generations away and is an American like anybody else except his last name is Fernandez. It's sort of like the idea of what Americans are all about.

I'm still working on my photos on "mental poverty." I'm always working on that. Mental poverty is when people will not get involved emotionally. They are emotionally sterile, and they need to be entertained and they have no by-products from their entertainment. It's like an audience who wants a comedian to make them feel good but yet they will not laugh for him.

Being an egocentric photographer as most photographers are—thinking that I can do something with this box in front of my eye—I started photographing images of mental poverty outside of me and then I realized I suffered from mental poverty. And the only answer I could give myself was the question "How does one counteract it?" And the school really came out of that question.

"If you have a basic understanding of photography, many fields open up."

Fung Lam, outstanding pupil and teacher at the workshop, talks about his photography as art form and personal expression. A graduate of Brooklyn Technical High School, Fung will attend Harvard College this fall.

How did you get started at the workshop?

I was interested in photography and I was looking for a place where I could work, so about four years ago I met Ben Fernandez and became involved in the workshop. At the time it seemed to be a very active, dynamic place where I could meet people who were interested in photography, other young people like myself who were trying to learn.

Since then I've encountered a lot more things through photography and the workshop than I normally would have. My camera is my key, my passageway, through which I've met people—like Ralph Ginsberg, Allen Ginzberg, Pete Seeger, Benjamin Spock, Mayor John Lindsay. I became involved in not only meeting these people but participating in their situations. This has given me a much greater understanding of human nature and a greater tolerance for human experience and feelings.

Has this closer look been disillusioning?

Well, this is a time when the mass media have greatly affected young people. You know, all news is bad news. I think that young people are very much aware of the bad things in the country—pollution, prejudice, the military-industrial complex, the Vietnam war. And these problems affect them directly.

They don't really know the good things about the American people. I'm not trying to say that all things are beautiful, but then again, it's so easy to be cynical, especially for young people who are constantly bombarded by pessimistic views of life.

Recently everything seems to appear destructive with really no synthesis of thought or solutions. There's nothing to give young people something to work on. I think it's about time that constructive suggestions were offered.

How did you get interested in photography?

At first I was interested primarily in techniques—working the camera, processing the film, printmaking. It was a hobby, but its basic process was magical, the creation of images. Photography is really a very modern and up-to-date art form. It's an art befitting an age where we're working on the moon. But at the same time, everyone can practice photography.

Actually the first reason why I started to get more deeply into photography was that I needed to process my own film in order to save money. Then I realized that I could do a better job of processing my film than the drugstore could. From then on, I could never be satisfied with sending my negatives out again. Later, I began to see photography on a commercial level.

Another thing I realized was that the photographic image contained a lot of personal power. I could see how much it meant to people to have a picture of another person, particularly if it's more than just a head-on shot. Then I took this one step further to expressing myself to people that I'd never met before, using simple scenes taken around New York City. Then I got together an exhibition and a librarian friend of mine got it into the New York Public Library system.

What were the results of your first exhibition?

I was astonished by the print sales! I mean I charged relatively high prices, $25.00 per print, and I was 14 years old at the time!

"I started in photography to get cheaper and better processing than drugstores offer."

I figured no one would buy my photos anyway, so that really surprised me.

Also, it was a surprise to see that my images had an effect on people whom I'd never met before. Like the first night that they put the exhibition up, I just sat in a corner of the room looking at people looking at my photographs. And one guy came in and just smiled from picture to picture and grinned broader and broader and it really made me feel good! My intention was to relate interesting scenes and nice moments in New York, and it seemed to work.

Is your future committed to photography as a profession?
At first I didn't see a future in it because it was too expensive to support only as a hobby, particularly since I was interested in showing my photographs to other people. If you want to come out of the amateur ranks of just showing your work to your friends, you know, your images have to be shown to the public because that's what an artist wants to do—to express himself to the world, to as many people as possible. So to keep it as a hobby without any financial support coming in would have been an impossibility. Furthermore, I didn't have the concept that my photographs were worth anything until that exhibition.

How do you feel about the whole money thing?
Right now I'm very disillusioned with it, and that's why I'm not going into photography on a professional level. I know I could make good money because photography is a commodity. But the stuff I could make the most money on does not necessarily satisfy the artistic need in me. In other words, what I want to do may not be what people will pay for. And I don't want to be in that crunch.

Photography at its best is a creative release for me and to try to make money on that is the direct opposite of what photography's value is. So I'm planning to go into medicine, which disappoints a lot of people because they think I'm leaving the photographic world. But my view is that if I become a photographer professionally I would have to end up supporting my art by doing stock reports, annual reports, whatever. So I could only do what I want to do as a sideline anyway.

Is the issue here whether or not a person can do many things?
No, the point is that the value of photography for me is as a creative release. It's abstract in nature. When you sit down and think about it, it's people running around with boxes, and coming home to darkrooms. Which is fine for creative release—you're getting away and trying to express

your inner self. But to make it a life's work in my mind right now is too abstract, though it certainly will remain a creative release.

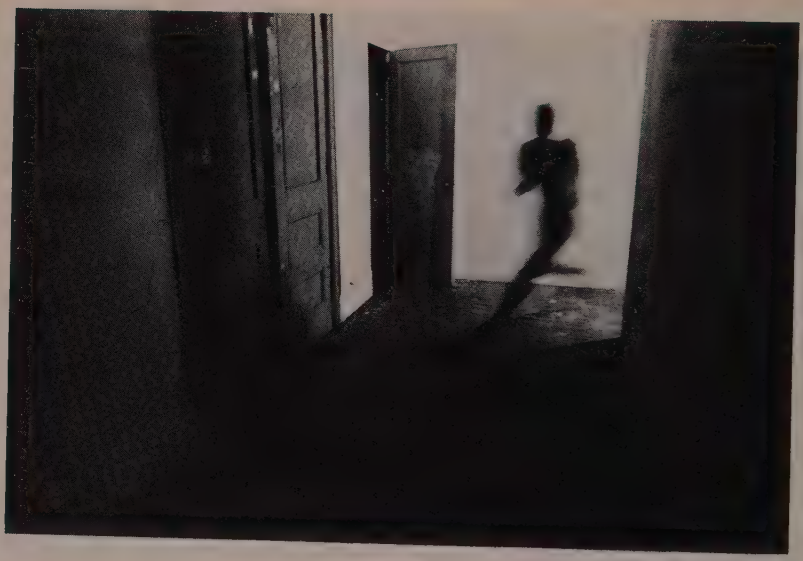
Medicine to me is very concrete and yet flexible. It's the sort of thing you can get into and spend a lot of time with. And you're actually helping your fellow human beings. It's that simple. Medicine and photography seem to be a happy combination because one is a very disciplined sort of thing and the other is abstract—which still has certain disciplines, too. So I'm not really leaving photography.

What's it like to move from being a pupil to being a teacher?
When I first became a teacher one of the big problems was that sometimes the students were much older than I was. It's funny because I go to school every day and I have English teachers and math teachers, and I do my work and sometimes I have problems and a struggle. And then after school I teach at the New School where there are doctors, lawyers, bankers and teachers. And they are struggling through photography because it's a new area to them. And it was a new experience for me to see people that way, because I always thought that teachers were "up there" somewhere, not quite human.

But in relating to them in this new way they became much more human, persons who have a certain amount of knowledge, who are sometimes teachers and sometimes pupils. So I realized the importance of exchanging ideas, instead of one person constantly giving and the other person constantly receiving. It all became clearer to me—that a person can teach and he can learn, that each person has his weaknesses and his strong points.

How does one teach photography?
The most that instructors can do is to guide students toward certain experiences. A teacher cannot provide the student with these experiences. I feel now that I have dealt enough with photography to see certain experiences that I want for myself. No teacher can say "This is this, and that is that." You have to find out for yourself.

"Photography at its best is a creative release for me, not a way to make money."



From the portfolio of Fung Lam. "My camera is a passageway to meeting people and understanding human nature."

IT'S A CRIME!

BY SPENCER COXE

Cartoons by R. Cobb

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o our laws back people into corners?
o we really act like we want law and order?
s the elimination of crime our goal?
o we have a sensible definition of what a crime is?
hat shapes our image of justice? And does the way we enforce the w show how we feel about law, crime, justice, and about ourselves?

HAT IS A CRIME?

enerally speaking, a crime is an ct that some legislature (usually he state's) has labeled a crime, nd committing that act can lead o punishment. In Pennsylvania the ocal parish priest who conducts bingo game to raise money for is parochial school is committing crime, but how often is he rosecuted? Other acts—far more angerous than bingo — aren't rimes at all. The industrialist who ollutes the air for the sake of aximizing profits may not be ommitting a crime, nor the auto anufacturer who makes money y designing a car he knows to be eadly at high speeds.

It appears that "crimes," as efined by law, have little to do ither with the public's idea of hat a crime is, or with any fair valuation of what is dangerous to ociety, or perhaps even with a ense of what equal justice for all eople really means. It is therefore not surprising that our country gives evidence of not really being interested in **equal** enforcement of the law. Most of us are interested in having certain laws enforced against **certain** people. This selective enforcement is convenient for those who profit by it —who often do not realize that they are getting special breaks.

But the people who suffer from unequal enforcement are becoming more and more aware that they are the victims of an unfair system. And this awareness turns them against that system. Thus the crisis in law enforcement is far deeper than "crime in the streets." The crisis consists of a contempt for law, a contempt shown both by those whom the law benefits and by the victims of unequal law enforcement. What are the major failings of the system that lead to this contempt?

ARE WE FAILING TO PROTECT THE POOR?

As everyone knows, most of the victims of violent crimes are poor people. Police — and the society which gives them their orders— tend to be indifferent to crimes when poor black people are the victims. Heroin has been a scourge in the black community for decades, often with tacit approval, even participation, from police. But it was not until white youth began to get hooked in large numbers that the media and the law enforcement establishment "discovered" the drug problem.

In Juvenile Court one day I witnessed the hearing of a black child

charged with truancy. His distraught mother testified that she had kept him home from school because he had been beaten up by gang members when he did go. She had called the police to ask for protection, but none was given. Now the boy was threatened with "reform school" as a truant. In the affluent parts of the city, however, families have no trouble in arranging for policemen to supervise parking and traffic—at the city's expense — for their fashionable wedding receptions.

In short, enforcement of the criminal law tends to be slow, careless or non-existent when that law is to the advantage of the poor and the black.

A policeman would think you were crazy if you asked him to arrest your landlord. And yet the law **does** give tenants certain recourse against a landlord who refuses to repair a leaky roof or who permits rats to run, and against the store owner who sells mislabeled goods or gives short weight. Some of these laws even have criminal penalties. But the police are not available to enforce these laws. To get enforcement, you may have to make a trip to City Hall, and this may mean missing a day's work or spending almost a dollar for carfare out of a weekly take-home pay of $50. Complaining to City Hall also requires a knowledge of the system, and a fa in it that many poor people do have.

Why **don't** the police han complaints against landlords? T answer is that most of us sim don't think of landlords' lawbrea ing as "crimes" or "offenses" the sort that police **ought** to ha dle. And so those who give t police their orders choose not enforce those laws which prote poor people from economic ploitation.

Is it surprising that a ghe dweller is cynical about the l when he sees that the police do enforce it **for** him?

ARE WE SOFT ON WHITE-COLL CRIME?

Not only the police, but courts a juries have different standards law enforcement for rich and po This springs from a bias in socie as a whole.

Several years ago, in a som what rare display of impartiali a federal judge actually sentenc some executives of General Ele tric, Westinghouse and other lar firms to 90-day prison terms f price-fixing. Like all federal pr oners, they were led away in han cuffs. An indignant citizen wro a letter to the editor of a local p per. "How dare the court tre these men like criminals?" asked.

Company executives who break the law are no less a criminal than petty thieves

Many people cannot, or will not, think of corporation executives as criminals. Yet these big bosses have broken the law just as any petty thief has. In fact, their crime may cost its victims thousands of times more than the larceny of the petty thief who is put away not for 90 days but for a year.

According to newspaper accounts last year, about half of the 3000 doctors who received $25,000 or more in government Medicare or Medicaid payments in 1968 failed to report a substantial amount of their income to the Internal Revenue Service. In some cases the omission exceeded $100,000. Possibly a handful of these criminals will go to jail for their large-scale theft of public funds. But most of the few who are caught will be permitted to pay what they owe, plus a penalty that they can well afford, and will be let off with a warning.

Many Americans become indignant about people who make fraudulent welfare claims, as if this were a major source of the misuse of tax money. According to a 1969 study of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, less than one-half of one percent of welfare recipients cheated. By contrast, it is reported that 28 percent of farmers, businessmen and professionals fail to report all their income.

It cannot be argued that jail sen-

tences are reserved for those who commit the most harmful crimes. In fact, it often seems the other way around. Nor can it be said that reserving jail sentences for lower-class criminals can be justified on grounds of deterrence. In fact, prison is undoubtedly more a deterrent to the white-collar class. If several hundred doctors went to jail and stayed there for a year for income-tax evasion, it seems likely that other doctors would be more law-abiding. But sending an 18-year-old slum dweller to prison for a street stabbing or an armed robbery, we know from experience, has little deterrent effect on others. And the judge, himself a white middle-class man with many doctor friends, consciously or unconsciously, identifies with the doctor. He feels sympathetic, and maybe says to himself, "There but for the grace of God go I." Such charitable sentiments seldom move him when the black slum-dweller stands at the bar.

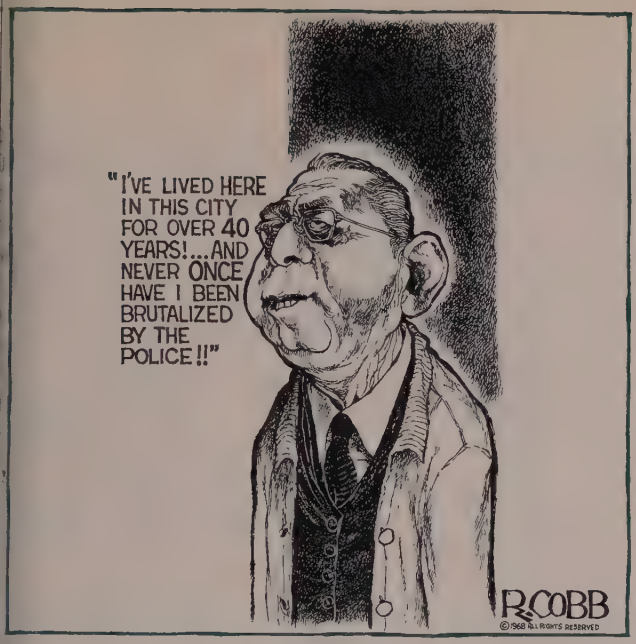
WHAT KIND OF MURDER ARE WE AGAINST?

A particularly interesting example of this curious double standard is our attitude toward killing. The careless or deliberate taking of another human life is rightly regarded as among the most heinous of crimes. Surely we should be interested in deterring it. The major slaughter takes place o highways. Every year some 25,00 Americans are killed on our roac by drunken drivers—over twic the number of "murders." Now w know from the experience of Eng land and Scandinavia that drunke driving can be vastly reduced b stiff penalties and the ruthles lifting of licenses. But because th automobile is king in this country our judges and juries feel pity fo the drunken driver, and let hir continue his career until in fact h does kill.

Or consider again the curiou case of Lt. William Calley. It ap pears that Americans are reall willing to condone murder—wher the victims are Asians. Truly w pick and choose even what kind o murder we are against. And thi distinction is made according t the values and ideas we hold tha have nothing to do with law en forcement, but everything to d with class and racial bias.

DOES BIAS SET A DOUBLE STANDARD?

Our ideological beliefs — along with our class biases—interfere with law enforcement as the fol lowing examples will show. Durin recent years throughout the coun try, there have been several illega sit-ins by war resisters. Protes ters, for example, have deliberate ly blocked the entrance to th



Today's crisis in law and order really springs from a denial of equal justice

local Induction Center with their bodies, and have been carted off by the police, duly tried and convicted.

During this same period, there has been another series of incidents. These are blockades set up by indignant mothers and housewives to protest the absence of traffic lights at corners they regard as particularly dangerous for children. The women take lawn chairs into the middle of a busy intersection and sit there, creating monumental traffic jams, until they decide they have made their point. They are seldom arrested, and seldom prosecuted. In fact, their crime is often rewarded when the local government installs a traffic light, even when in the best judgment of its engineers the lights are worse than useless.

WHOSE SIDE IS THE LAW ON?

Bail is often used as a form of punishment for the unpopular, although its only legitimate purpose is to make certain the accused appears in court on the day of trial. When four young members of an organization called the Black Unification Society were recently charged in Philadelphia with illegal possession of three guns and 100 rounds of ammunition, the judge set bail at $50,000 apiece. A few months later, four members of the Jewish Defense League, including a rabbi, were arrested and

charged with illegal possession of five guns and 115 rounds of ammunition. Pending trial the rabbi was released without bail, and the three others were required to put up $1,000 each. Fair enough?

Everyone is aware that a double standard exists in the deep South, but black people in the big cities of the North suffer from it too. In 1966, a black family moved into an all-white neighborhood in Philadelphia's Kensington section. A sizeable riot by whites erupted. The windows of the black family's house were broken, the family itself was threatened, scores of bottles were thrown at police cars, the mob attacked individual policemen with bricks, bottles and firecrackers. One policeman was knocked down and punched, another was hit by a brick. Altogether, more than a dozen policemen were hurt, and several had to go to the hospital. The violence continued for several nights. In spite of all this criminal activity, only one rioter was arrested and he was charged with the minor offense of disorderly conduct. The police did not even try to break up the mob, but only to restrain it.

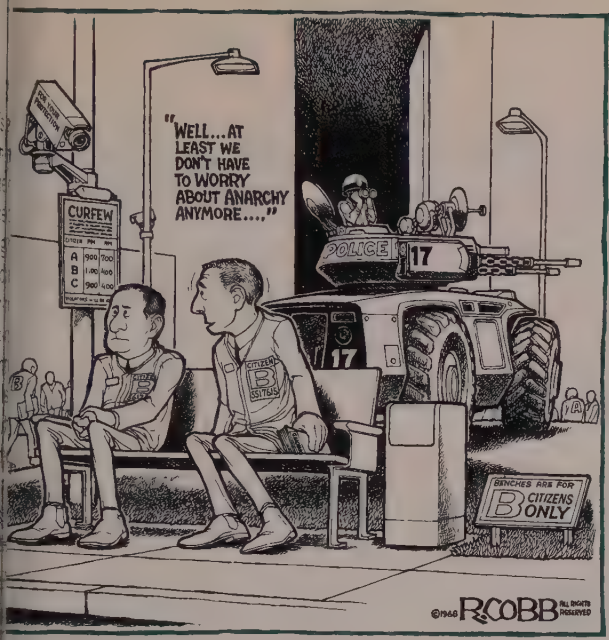
About a year later, a much larger, though generally orderly, crowd of black school children conducted a demonstration outside the School Administration building. A few youths climbed on top of cars and damaged the roofs, but the vast majority of demonstrators behaved lawfully. The police reacted with great force and in large numbers, clubbing the children indiscriminately, and bringing a violent end to the demonstration. After the police precipitated the disorder, five of them received minor injuries. Several dozen demonstrators were hurt and many were arrested and charged with delinquency.

Note that the Kensington rioters set out on a course of criminal conduct—an attack on the newcomers' house. Note also that they initiated the assaults on the police. By contrast, the school children, with few exceptions, were peaceably assembled with the tacit approval of the school officials. But it was the black children, not the white mob, who were seen as a threat to law and order and treated accordingly.

THE GOVERNMENT AS LAWBREAKER

Government itself ignores or violates the law on a large scale, and often gets away with it.

A spectacular example of the courts' bending to the government was the famous Korematsu decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, which upheld the constitutionality of the "relocation" of Japanese-Americans during World War II.



How can the establishment tell us to respect the law when government itself often does not?

"Relocation" meant the forced evacuation of hundreds of thousands of U.S. citizens from the West Coast, and their internment behind barbed wire in desert relocation centers, **solely** on the basis of their Japanese ancestry. It is hard to escape the conclusion that the Supreme Court simply didn't have the nerve to defy the President and say that the relocation was a gross violation of the 14th Amendment.

Courts sometimes succeed in dodging issues that put the government on the spot; for example, the Supreme Court has refused to rule on the legality of the war in southeast Asia. This is certainly an important issue, and one that war resisters ought to be able to raise in their defense and have decided.

Of course, there are many examples of courageous court decisions applying constitutional restraints upon the government; indeed, if the courts were totally unwilling to apply the law, our situation would be completely hopeless.

Sometimes government agencies deliberately deny unpopular persons their constitutional rights, forcing them to the expense and trouble of going to court. For example, the city agency in Philadelphia that administers the big downtown plaza where public events frequently take place twice

denied its use to peace groups, though the agency knew perfectly well that the denial was unconstitutional. Both times the peace groups had to go to court for an injunction — which was granted. This kind of calculated lawlessness on the part of government agencies has contributed powerfully to an "outlaw mentality" among the young and the alienated. How can the establishment tell us with a straight face to respect the law when government itself does not?

IF ALL LAWBREAKERS WENT TO JAIL

Each day a local newspaper publishes a "Crime Count" which lists the number of "major crimes" reported by the police the day before. The "major crimes" are burglaries, robberies, homicides, rapes, and weapons offenses. This type of reporting helps create the public image of what crime is. I have tried to suggest in this article that there are other concepts of crime just as "true," and that the public fixation on certain crimes—serious as they are—makes us forget many other crimes and their victims. A strong argument can be made that many of these other crimes are actually more harmful to society than the shocking and violent offenses that are called "major."

If newspapers reported consumer frauds, police bribery, and pollution as thoroughly as they report "street crimes," if the government sponsored tremendous crusades against drunken driving and income tax evasion, we would have a totally different perception of crime and law enforcement. And if for just one week the police arrested **everyone** they found, or could legally apprehend, gambling, committing adultery or attempting to bribe a policeman, and if every illegally-parked car were ticketed and every landlord who violated the housing code were fined, there would be a colossal cry of outrage against law enforcement. But our citizens might at last realize how hypocritical they are when they say they want the law enforced.

HOW DO WE WORK TOWARD JUSTICE?

Those who say there is a crisis in law and order tell the truth, but not the whole truth. The whole truth is that we are in a crisis of law, order and **justice.** And we delude ourselves if we believe that a free people will accept order—or orders—without justice.

The solution, in my estimation, requires a massive education of the public to the fact that the crisis really springs from a denial of justice. Perhaps when our people realize this they will support

—through the political process—the demands of the oppressed groups that the system be made fair. The lawmakers, the police, the administrators, are all sensitive to the wishes of the voting public, and the judges' perception of justice is derived from the community of which they are a part. There is a chance that a demand for real justice will be heeded by our government and courts. They are, after all, our servants.

The law in its equal majesty forbids rich and poor alike to sleep under bridges.

—Anatole France

Spencer Coxe is executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Pennsylvania.

de World Photo

Is good music worth all the hassle?

BY WILLIAM K. MANDEL

The festival had ended at dawn on the Tuesday after Easter. All day San Juan Airport was jammed with 10,000 kids who couldn't get back to the States. Some hadn't bought round-trip tickets and some had been bumped off their flights when they didn't reconfirm their reservations (how, these kids asked, were they going to get to a phone in the middle of a coconut field to call Eastern Airlines?). But after two days of sprawling around the airport, many stranded young travelers were offered a flight home on credit from Pan Am.

As we waited, a disheveled young man of about 19 came up to us and asked us to read him the snack bar menu posted on the wall nearby.

"Someone stole my glasses," he explained. He said his name was Jamie and he was from Larchmont, N.Y. He looked awful. His hair was matted, he had a heavy growth on his face, and his eyes were glazed. He had a big bandage on his right hand.

"I haven't slept in four days," he said. "The first night we were down here, I went to the beach to swim and when I came back there was some guy trying to bother my girlfriend. She was screaming, so I just lunged in after him. He had a machete, and he took a swing at me. It got my hand."

Jamie held up his hand and we could see a cut all the way across his palm.

"My parents aren't going to be too happy to see me like this," he said, with a slightly apprehensive grin.

Jamie and most of the other youth we talked to down at the festival were the second generation of festival-goers. Their older brothers and sisters had gone to Woodstock, Atlantic City, Atlanta, Seattle, and Altamont. Now, they wanted to see for themselves what it was all about.

As with all rock festivals, the Mar Y Sol (Sea and Sun) Pop Festival in Puerto Rico began with appealing promises. The idea of assembling 50,000 people under a friendly Caribbean sun during the Easter weekend, providing them with cheap native food and drink, sanitary and camping facilities, shuttle-bus service, a mile of snow-white beach for swimming, and entertaining them for three days straight with the best rock music in the world—travel and all for $150!—that's a **great** idea! The only trouble is, it's rarely been pulled off.

UPI Photo

William Mandel

William Mand

And remember: It's a rule at a rock festival that anything that can possibly go wrong will go wrong.

The hassles started almost immediately. On the Wednesday before the festival was to begin, a Puerto Rican judge ordered the festival halted because of a drug threat, but on Maunday Thursday he reversed his order. But the damage was done. When the airlines heard of the judge's initial ban, they cancelled 20,000 reservations to festival-goers and sold them to private travelers. A near riot broke out at New York's JFK International Airport when thousands of kids arrived at the Pan Am building and found their seats had been taken. Pam Am scrounged around for a Boeing 747 no one was using and sent the kids off to Puerto Rico.

The promised buses to ferry the people the 40 miles back and forth from the airport simply never materialized. The one-and-a-half-lane roads leading to the festival site were clogged by cars.

Yet by Saturday, April 1, about 35,000 young people (including 7500 Puerto Ricans) were assembled at the festival site—a 429-acre former army base near the small town of Vega Baja, with beaches and groves for camping and with a hard, stubbly field for sitting, listening, and sweltering.

The festival-goers were daily scorched by near-record temperatures of over 90 degrees. While swimmers sought cooling relief in the nearby azure Caribbean, thieves circulated among vacant tents and stole everything they could get their hands on, including the tents.

Passions got hotter in the hot weather. A 16-year-old youth from the Virgin Islands was stabbed to death in an apparent dispute over drugs. There were stories of girls being attacked, especially while taking showers in stalls set up by the promoters. Three drownings took place on a stretch of beach not patrolled by festival lifeguards. Food and fresh water were hard to get. The Port-O-Sans (portable toilets) were inadequate and smelly. And although the government's caution about drugs on the site had its definite influence, people were tripping. Amidst it all, a baby was born.

While 35,000 kids were sweltering at the festival site, the performers were having it pretty easy in $90-a-day rooms at the luxurious, 500-room Cerromar

lliam Mandel

William Mandel

Beach Hotel four miles away.

Music, after all, is what festivals are all about. And there was plenty of it—perhaps too much—at Mar Y Sol. Each day the music was scheduled to run continuously from noon until dawn of the next day. Although technical problems of setting up and plugging in caused waits between acts—one delay lasted more than three hours — the groups seemed to sense the extreme patience of the crowd and put on excellent shows.

The mix of performers included the locally popular Puerto Rican 2010, supergroup Emerson, Lake and Palmer, jazzy Dave Brubeck, the happy Elephant's Memory, the refined Mahavishnu Orchestra, sweating B. B. King, plus Stonehenge, J. Geils, Cactus, and others.

Probably the warmest ovation was for the Allman Brothers, who have been the object of bolstering sympathy since their co-lead guitarist, Duane Allman, was killed in a motorcycle accident last winter.

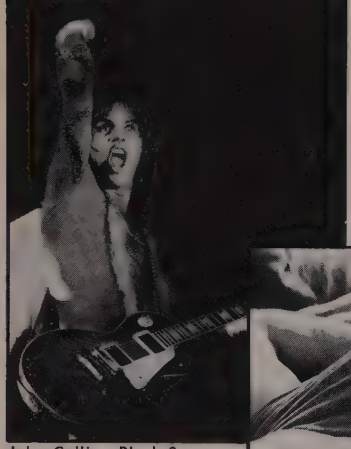
A crunching one-two punch of music came during the last night-morning, when Alice Cooper preceded Rod Stewart and Faces on stage. Despite the grotesque nature of Alice Cooper's act (the beheading of baby dolls, killing of chickens, transvestite appearance of the band members themselves), their music is good old rock 'n' roll. By near-dawn on Tuesday, the crowd needed a jolt of energy. Alice didn't disappoint.

Following Cooper was Rod Stewart, the biggest name at the festival. Although pulling down the largest salary —a reported $50,000—Stewart seemed worth anything. As the last notes of "Maggie May" faded, the crowd, now sitting in eerie dawn light, rose to its feet and delivered the longest, loudest, most sustained ovation of the festival.

The music was great if you didn't mind being scorched by day, mosquito-eaten by night, macheted at odd hours, and ripped off intermittently. But if the album made at Mar Y Sol is released, you'll enjoy it in the cooler comfort of your home.

In the press coverage, little or nothing was said of damage to the site or vandalism to surrounding properties, probably because the area of the festival is very depressed economically. During the festival, a leader of the is-

John Collier, Black Star



John Collier, Black Star

William Mande

land's fairly militant independence party called the affair an example of "cultural imperialism."

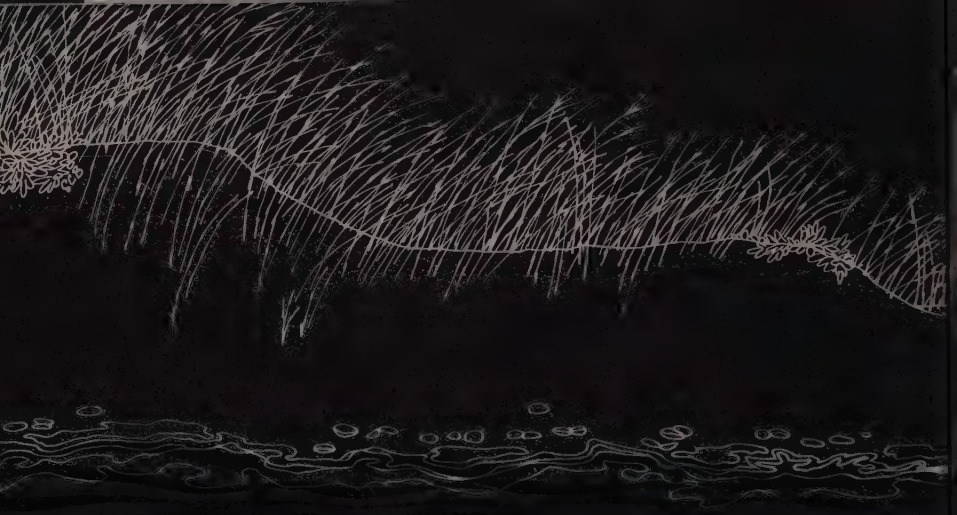
Puerto Rico abounds in unhappy contrasts. We hitched a ride to the festival one afternoon with a Puerto Rican of 22 who was working at two jobs so his sister could buy a high school class ring for $115. He showed me a picture of the ring. It's the same kind with a colored glass stone in the middle that costs about $50 in the States. The man said the car he was driving, a 1965 Pontiac, had just cost him $1000—almost three times what it would cost in the U.S.

Despite the understandably irritating nature of the festival, which brought in typical middle-class, mainland white youth, there was no open friction or protest at the affair. The promoters did have the foresight, however, to make prior arrangements with leaders of some of the young militant parties on the island to admit their partisans free to the festival. Some leaders of these potentially disruptive factions were bought off by backstage passes.

The young people at Mar Y Sol were not the Woodstock generation, in years or in attitude. There was little feeling of sharing, some curiosity, and much naiveté. For most this was the first festival—and probably the last. The potential audience for another rock festival will not exist until younger siblings get older. Even this prediction, however, could be punctured if possible profits appear, a site is available, and some groups are willing, because there will always be someone who wants to go to a festival, despite the dangers. But the rock public generally is tired of festivals and the base of support for such ventures is eroding all the time.

"I heard about festivals being one big family experience, but I didn't feel that here," comments Douglas Frankel, 17, New York City. "Once I got here, I was happy for the music, but if someone warned me about the heat and the insects, I don't think I would have believed him. This is my last festival."

William Mandel is a pop music critic for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.



I cried today
As I walked the beach.

In times gone by
They were tears
Of sadness for a "so long" to someone I loved,
Of a strange, new joy as my imagination
was swept out to sea,
Of regret at going home to the mad maze
after the simple, exciting rest at
the water's edge.

I cried today
As I walked the beach.

Moved by the headlines
They were salty, bitter tears,
Of mourning for the young lives lost
Of my mind confused, hopes shattered
imagination bloodied by precise patterns
of bombs across the lives of humans
we do not know and cannot see,
Of disgust at having to return to friends
and countrymen whose lives go
no further than themselves and
behind me nature's never-ending
pulse beat of white caps on the beach.

God, I cried today
As I walked the beach.

Does it matter to you
They were desperate tears
Of pleading of a young life reaching,
Of fear that I can't do it, yet confidence
that somehow it must be done,
Of hope of going home to live your love
in a whirl of hate after feeling
the coolness and the movement
of the world's waters washing
on my feet?

I cried today
As I walked the beach

With feet and soul refreshed,
They were warm tears.

TOUCH and GO

The Wrong Date

At a recent consultation on Appalachia it was pointed out to me that there was an error in the first line of your excellent article about the Buffalo Creek flood. It happened on Saturday, February 26, rather than on the 29th.

—R.C., New York, N.Y.

A Little Help

The inevitable has happened. My poster from a past issue of YOUTH is falling apart. It has some beautiful thoughts and I would really miss not having it on my wall. I would like to order another one to replace it.

After reading the April issue, I'd like to congratulate you on the great job you are doing and express my sympathy for the son of "A.B." from Arizona whose subscription was cancelled by his father. It's a pity that some people don't realize the service which you are doing by presenting "topics such as ESP, homosexuality, and schools with no discipline" in an honest, straightforward way. Thank you for your contribution to my life. —L.B., Dubuque, Iowa

Watch It!

Keep up the good work, I don't go too heavy on religio content—J.S., Pointe Claire, Q

Touches All Ages

YOUTH is inspiringly good. broad base and innovative st appeal to both the youth and t maturity in me and should tou the same response in a readersh of all ages, even though its spec thrust is for youth-on-quest.

—M.B., Palos Verdes Estates, Ca

Worth Saving

I really appreciate your sendi me a copy of the article about t Amish people from a past issue. was just what I needed for m report in school.

Your magazine contains so ma timely articles, we use it often. M mother always says it is one of t best church magazines she ha ever read. We save many copie

Again, thanks, not only for t magazine but also for carin enough to help me.

—C.H., New Knoxville, Oh

Canadian Judge

Congratulations to you all o the staff of YOUTH magazine o receiving a 1972 Award of Me for General Excellence from th Associated Church Press. It do me good to note that the chai man of the judges comes from th part of the world.

—J.C., Toronto, On

POSTER FOR TWO

It takes only $2.00 to buy our latest poster, a YOUTH photomontage original. Check our July 1972 issue (pages 32-33) to see what this fantasy-creation might be (words can't possibly describe it, but the two pilgrims above will lead you to it). Then order your own full-size (15″ x 22″) reproduction, sent in a protective mailing container and ready for framing, personal contemplation, wisecracks and questions. Supply limited, so send your two now: YOUTH, Pilgrim Poster, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102. Immediate shipment guaranteed. P.S. Order an extra for a friend!

Future Features in YOUTH:

- Women's liberation as seen by a teen staff member of MS magazine and Editor Gloria Steinem
- A 64-page collection of award-winning works of our 1972 Creative Arts competition
- Beyond 1984: A conversation between Anthropologist Margaret Mead and Theologian Roger L. Shinn
- Released from three years in prison, a young war resister describes what it means to be free
- Janet Lynn, star skater, shares her thoughts on her sport, her religion, and her future
- Staten Island students sing and march in support of their black classmate's plight
- Is college a big question mark for you? If so, check our College Guide Insert
- Rev. Jesse Jackson talks to teens about their role in the black revolution
- What does Christian ethics say about sex, drugs, war, racism, and man? (new series by J. Barrie Shepherd)
- Beyond graffiti: Ghetto youth paint the story of their heritage on public wall murals
- And more cartoons from Brunner's world

Garry Trudeau, 22-year-old creator of "Doonesbury," makes it big on the comics pa
with a cartoon strip
which is humorous, honest, popular
and controversial.

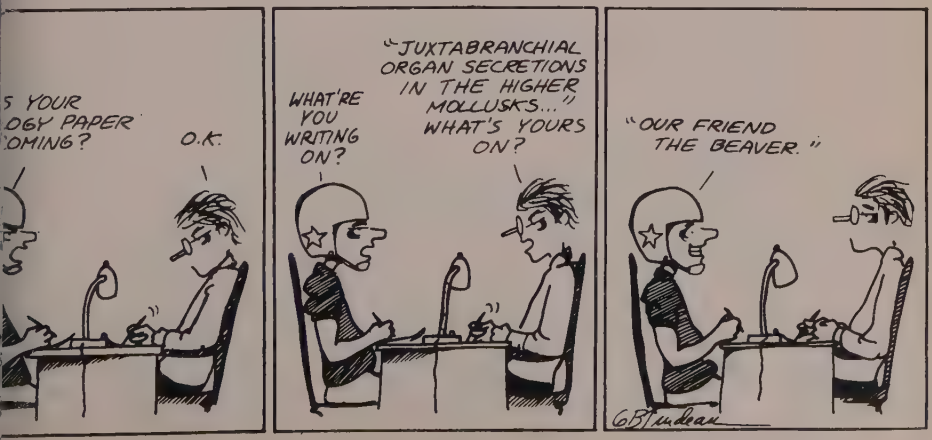
A FOUR PANEL SMILE

HOTO AND INTERVIEW
Y BOB FITCH
RITTEN BY JOAN HEMENWAY

e works in a small room at the top the stairs of his rented two-story use in New Haven. I call it his work womb" because it's a cozy space ith cluttered drawing table, stacks of oks and records, a pile of laundry in e corner, a bachelor informality out the place. There are posters, rawings and autographed "Peanuts" nd "Steve Canyon" cartoons. A huge ur-poster bed fills one side of the om. Here Garry Trudeau creates Doonesbury," the hottest item right w on the comics page.

There is nothing pretentious about arry Trudeau, no obvious desire to famous. Though he's been featured by most of the big slicks and sought after by talk shows, he's not interested in a publicity trip. "I feel that what I have to say all comes across in the strip," he explains, "so I don't have to add to that by sounding off on various subjects."

Garry got his start while he was an undergraduate at Yale with a cartoon strip called "Bull Tales" (named after the Yale bulldog mascot) which ran in the *Yale Daily News*. During Garry's junior year the president of Universal Press Syndicate noticed the strip in the *News* and watched it for about a month. Then he wrote Garry asking him to do six-week's worth of sketches. By October 1970 Garry had signed a 12-year contract for the strip, renamed "Doonesbury," with the syndicate. Originally the strip was bought by about 35 newspapers; now it appears



in over 185 and in about eight different countries.

In the middle of Garry Trudeau's drawing board is his notebook, or log. In this he sketches out his ideas and makes notes for future reference. His ideas come from everywhere—*Time* magazine to *Rolling Stone,* television shows, people on and off campus, friends. I wondered whether his campus environment isn't somewhat limiting to him.

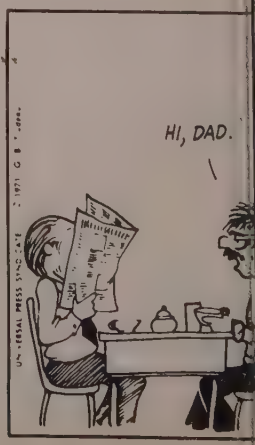
"I don't think it's as important as some people seem to think," he answered. "To say that because I'm here in the mainstream of campus life I'll write stuff that is just going to appeal to college people is like saying that Charles Schulz has to be a five-year-old, or that Chester Gould has to still be a cop. I'm writing about human experience and the setting is really immaterial."

Garry's early college strip featured a star quarterback named B.D. "When I got back to New Haven in the fall of my junior year," Garry explains, "I saw this fantastic football player nam Brian Dowling who was electrify the campus with his acrobatics out the playing field. He was a cra legged kid from Shaker Heights. S started a strip about B.D., a footl player who takes himself very seriou and most of the time he's shot do by various people. In the huddle disperses orders, trying to figure how he can best move the play so t he will look great at the end of it

"Then I created this character Mi ael J. Doonesbury for the off seas He's a grown-up Charlie Brown, would-be lover, who just suffers ab after abuse. But he can't be put dov He just keeps coming back for mo I kind of liked him. He was the e bodiment of all the frustrations of p ple." A third character soon emerge "Megaphone" Mark Slackmeyer, campus radical with a militant se image which sometimes hides his ba commitment to human decency.

So Garry's college strip revolv primarily around football and datin

"I'm writing about human experience, and the campus setting is really immaterial."



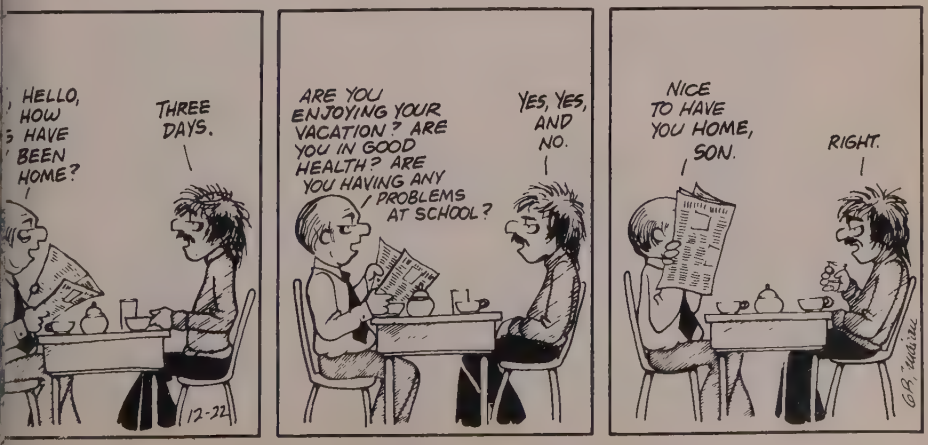
vith a little campus protest thrown in rom time to time. But since becoming ationally syndicated, Garry has broadned his range of comment considerbly: Vietnam, marijuana, women's iberation, communes, health foods, the ress, broadcasting, politics—all are eady targets for his deft humor.

"I think this business of having ranquilizing banalities on the comics age everyday is fine for some people," Garry says, "but there are others who vant comics that can make them think bout things. And this can be equally s entertaining. My first function is s an entertainer; my political and ocial commentary is secondary. If I an't make someone laugh, I have no ight to deal with the subject.

"My editors have okayed virtually verything I've wanted to print. I can't hink of any subjects I'm not allowed o treat. I just did a strip on hard rugs, which is not often done in the omic industry. People argue that drugs re not a funny subject, but Vietnam n't a funny subject either. They're serious and they should be dealt with seriously.

"For awhile I wasn't supposed to deal with marijuana in the strip, but I objected to that because there's a whole strip called 'Andy Capp' that is based on a guy who drinks, he's unemployed, he cheats on his wife, and yet it's considered funny and is very popular. Well, there are seven million alcoholics in this country so it's not *that* funny. And the President's Commission on Drug Abuse pointed out that alcohol is far worse than marijuana because it's both addictive and leads to mental illness. And there's no conclusive proof that marijuana leads to either.

"So I object to that double standard, and my first cartoons mocked the hysteria. They were about people who were overreacting fantastically to just the word 'marijuana.' For instance, Mark walks in on his mother's bridge group. She introduces him and he says, 'Hi girls, my name is Mark, I smoke marijuana,' and they all throw up their



cards and dive under the table!

"Even if marijuana was such a hideous thing, it should be dealt with rationally and realistically. So I was making fun of that kind of hysteria and I thought that was a constructive use of the subject in a human situation. Similarily with heroin. I'm making fun of people's naiveté about that drug in a strip where Rufus takes his friends on a tour of the ghetto."

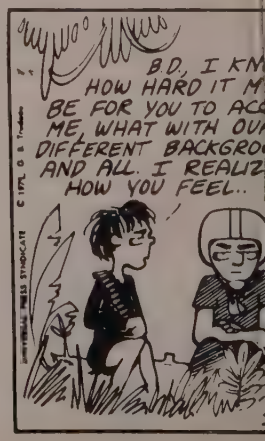
Garry brings a lot of varied experiences to his cartoon creations. In addition to his four years at Yale (art major, psychology minor), he has operated an electron microscope, participated in an archaeological excavation of a medieval village, designed and constructed light murals for Mayor Lindsay's ping-pong room in Gracie Mansion, worked as a photographic researcher for *Time-Life,* assisted the producer of an off-Broadway show, and offered himself as a volunteer for psychological experiments. But the turning point was the summer of his sophomore year in Washington, D.C.

"Some friends and I started a weekly magazine for the diploma corps. We all had a lot of bravado a not much else. So by the end of t summer we were working 20-ho days and collectively the four of had lost 80 pounds. It was a situati so fraught with tension and anxie that I found the only way I could de with myself and the project was laugh at everything that happen around us. But the work gave me kind of new confidence in my abiliti to determine my own fate. So when returned to Yale I was ready to get i volved in some projects. It was then started the strip."

Now a graduate student in graph design at Yale, Garry plans to sta a studio school with a group intereste in commerical art, photography, jou nalism and graphics. In addition to th group's professional work, Garry hope to involve inner-city kids in the studi training them for jobs in the com mercial arts.

"If I am going to be in a positio

"Even people who have been trained by life to hate each other can become friends."



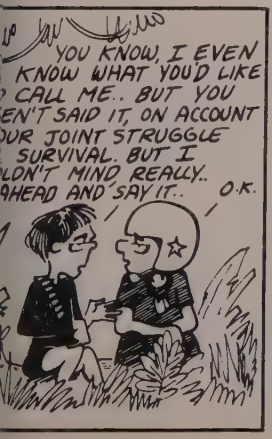
where I'm going to teach," Garry explains, "then I should be qualified, I should know the process by which one thinks out design options. Being able to draw means two things: first, that you're looking at something very closely, and secondly, that there's a relationship between your mind and your hand. You can look at something and make your hand do what you want.

"I have always read the comics," Garry continues. "I studied cartoons for so long that I am really conscious of what is going on, the dynamics, the action patterns, so when I look at my strip I can tell what's happening. It is very easy to start working with formulas. My worst cartoons are the ones in which I waste three panels for the sake of the fourth. I never like to do that because that's just writing gags to make someone laugh. To me it's a waste of the medium.

"Charles Schulz hates gags. His syndicate writes him and says, 'We want more gags at the end which make people laugh.' Schulz doesn't like to work that way. He likes to create a situation, a four-panel smile instead of a last-panel laugh. This is important to him and it's important to me and it is what I have learned from him, and what I have learned from Jules Feiffer. Feiffer is just as entertaining in the middle of his strip as he is at the end. And there is a wonderful word texture throughout. It's the same with Walt Kelly. In "Pogo" he never waits 'til the last panel to say 'here's the joke.' It's more a vignette, a life situation which can be just as funny as a gag, and certainly more meaningful.

"I think a situation where you are constantly changing the identity of the character is a mistake, too, and that happens in a lot of strips. 'Bugs Bunny,' or Mutt in 'Mutt and Jeff,' becomes a street vendor one day, a salesman the next day, simply to get a laugh. That doesn't leave much room for character at all, or the development of a character's identity."

The character most extensively developed by Trudeau is B.D. who re-



cently joined the army and, complete with football helmet, went to Vietnam. B.D. is an enthusiastic soldier, anxious to defeat the enemy. Yet he finds himself a friend in Phred, a Vietcong terrorist. Garry explains why B.D., who hates Communists, has made an exception with Phred:

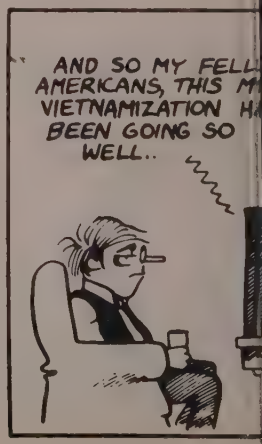
"B.D. found himself dependent on this guy Phred when he got lost in the jungle. He discovered a guy who could find his way around, the guy had a mother—much to B.D.'s amazement—he was likeable, and knew all the work of Cole Porter from his ripped-off collection of GI records. They had a lot of things in common, not cultural ties really, but just their common humanity. They even drink beer together which is sort of like breaking bread together, as far as B.D. is concerned.

"I purposely chose a Vietcong character, the most despicable, mortal enemy of the American people, simply to show that it is possible that from one point of view even a terrorist is a human being, even a person who all his life has been trained to hate anoth human being can, under the right c cumstances, develop an affinity him."

Controversy swirled around Tru eau's Vietnam series. Garry says, seems to be the sequence over whi the greatest battle raged and yet came up looking pretty good from Two things happened during the s ies that were very fortunate for First, the expected Tet Offensive d not happen. The series started the fi day of Tet, and if anything had ha pened people would have been in mood to tolerate the particular humo That doesn't mean I couldn't have d fended it, but it would have been a more difficult because people would more emotional about the subject.

"The second thing that happen was during the time B.D. was comi to depend on Phred in a mutual su vival situation, President Nixon was China. The timing, totally accidenta was beautiful. Here were two wor leaders, whom we would all rega

"What would Nixon say if he could really say what he wanted to say?"

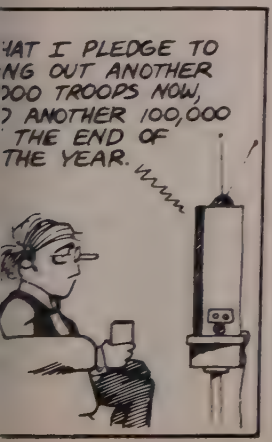


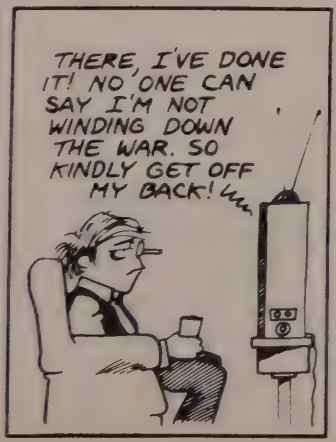
ormally as mortal enemies, offering eace and friendship. Like my parlicular episodes, two men were placed n a situation where they depend on ne another and then find out that they re not so terribly different."

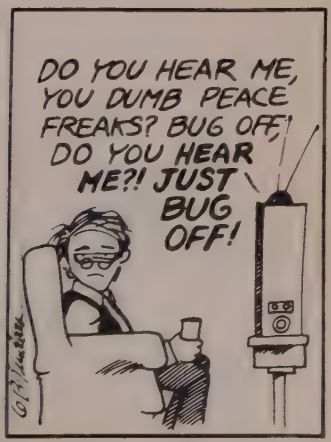
At the time of the Vietnam series, ne newspaper editor wrote Trudeau, omplaining that the series enraged is readers and that it wasn't good beause it got people to thinking about what was in the rest of his newspaper. Garry comments: "The trouble is peole have a fixed notion of what the omics page is—something which just asses in front of people's eyes. But t just seems natural to me to bring n topics that are on people's minds. ust because there may be taboos about uch subjects isn't important. If rections were all negative then all you re doing is irritating the readers. But f there are some people who like it, hen I think it has a place."

Another taboo subject which Garry sn't afraid to deal with is politics. He ees himself as non-partisan. "A lot of radicals felt I was reactionary at some points. On the other hand, people write me everyday telling me I'm a Communist. It depends on what side you're standing on because I don't think I differentiate. I see most politics as being phenomenally absurd, and that goes for radical politics all the way to right-wing politics. I have felt just as free in my attacks on Nixon, as on Muskie, Humphrey, McGovern, Wallace and the counter-culture heroes. I think it would be unfortunate if I did become partisan because then I would be identified with a certain point of view and people would stop trying to understand what I'm saying.

"My perceptions about politics are not necessarily grounded in facts. They are just what occurs to me. I look at Nixon on television and I hear what he says about winding down the war and then I think, 'I wonder what he is thinking? What would he say if he could really say what he wanted to say?' And then I write a cartoon about him, totally making up what he said!





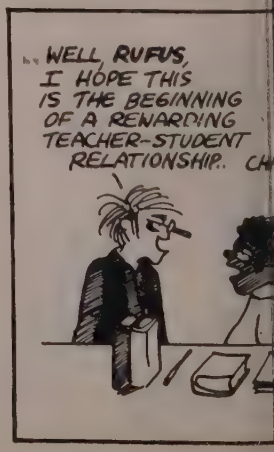


"I'm not a political cartoonist, but it just seems to me that there is a quality about the way politicians put themselves across that is reflected in my strip. Once people become public figures they get into a kind of public position where they have to take themselves pretty seriously. The only person I can think of who doesn't do this is Ralph Nader. There's no way I could draw a cartoon about Nader. Either it would be trite or ineffective, because he's the only guy I can think of in a really public position who doesn't take himself too seriously. He's a very earnest guy and there's no self-glorification there that I can discern."

Though non-partisan in his politics, Garry Trudeau does have a definite outlook on the world and human behavior. "I do have a value system and it is grounded in the American Protestant ethic, the fact that all men are brothers, all people have equal rights. This whole anti-communism thing is, to me, very un-American. It shows a total lack of tolerance for different ways of life.

"But I don't have a set of mor absolutes. I think it's unfortuna when people think that they shou turn to the Bible, for instance, to fi out specific rules for their behavio like whether or not they can danc That book was written by other peopl 2000 years ago, and what is laid dow there can't be applied word-for-wo to another society 2000 years late That way of thinking doesn't acknow edge that human beings grow an change, that one moral absolute cann possibly be applied to everybody. T me, as strange as this may sound, th kind of inflexibility is, in a very subt way, somewhat fascist."

Garry spent his high school years St. Paul's, an Episcopal boarding scho in New Hampshire. "It has a chap to which we were ordered twice a da We didn't think much about it be cause it was sort of part of the stru ture of the day. It was a beautiful pla and everybody loved singing togethe there.



"Doonesbury is a grown-up Charlie Brown; the embodiment of all the frustrations of people."

"Then around my junior year there was an obligatory course called Sacred Studies. They wanted us to know the roots of religion and familiarize ourselves with different aspects of thinking about religion so that we could make intelligent decisions instead of decisions based only on indoctrination and training.

"As a result, my senior year came along and there were a number of confirmed atheists and another large number of confirmed agnostics and a relatively small number of confirmed believers. But at least people had arrived at their various positions intelligently. I think it was the most honest thing a church school could do—to show you everything from the Scriptures to Freud so you can make the choice yourself."

Garry comments on religion in his cartoon strip, especially through his character Reverend Scot Sloan. "The chaplain is a mixture of three different people — Malcolm Boyd, who really abuses the vernacular of people half his age, William Sloane Coffin, chaplain here at Yale and someone for whom I have a lot of respect, and my ex-roommate who is now at Harvard Divinity School and who looks like the character I have drawn."

Garry's biggest concern, as expressed in his strip, is the attempt to make religion relevant with little thought about its substance. "To me it's a pretty dishonest thing where you have a guy setting up a coffeehouse, like my character Reverend Sloan, who thinks that by calling God 'dad' and by changing the superficial aspects of religion it will all become meaningful. My character is somehow more committed to presenting himself to his youthful admirers as a hip counter-culture figure than he is in actually spreading the message. Putting a 4000-ampex amplifying system in a church certainly isn't going to change the substance of people's perceptions of that church.

"On the other hand, I don't believe in bringing a viciousness to any of my characters. I mean, I like Rever-

end Sloan because his intentions are good. It's just that his methodology is all mixed up because he is putting the emphasis on the wrong thing. But basically he is trying to do something with his life, he is trying to commit himself to other people, but he has his priorities wrong.

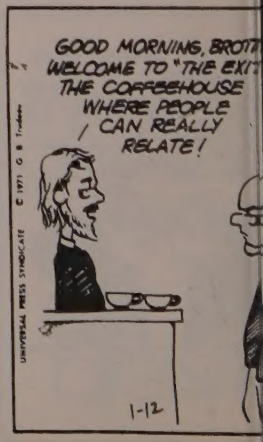
"I hope that I inject a certain amount of sympathy into all my characters. Maybe some people don't see it that way, but that's my intention. For example B.D. is just so right-wing it is unbelievable, but I really like him! And I really like the way he develops his relationship with Phred. It's almost as if it just happened, and I sort of reported it."

Trudeau is also very conscious of the superficiality and hypocrisy among some people. Chaplain Sloan is always trying to set his image up as a fighting young priest by talking about his participation in the Selma March, sit-ins, protest rallies. Garry says, "I try to satirize individuals from the counterculture who wear their credits on their sleeve. A person's background, whe he has been or what he has done, doe n't impress me nearly as much as wh he has gotten out of it and that brings a certain humility to his e periences.

"I room with a guy from Harle right now, and when he talks abo blacks he can talk from experien but he doesn't say, 'Look, I am goi to intimidate you because I was bo poor in Harlem.' He doesn't jive an body. I just dislike people who wh they talk to somebody act as thoug they are showing their resumé to literary agent. I don't care where comes from. This doesn't make a difference to me in evaluating his si cerity."

Another thing Garry dislikes the tendency to stereotype character whether in television, in cartoon strip or news articles. "Stereotyping, for m means that you can predict how a pe son is going to act, you can name a your main assumptions about him an he will conform to them. Hopefull

"I like the chaplain's intentions but sometimes he puts the emphasis in the wrong place."



ny characters don't always conform. mean, who would have said B.D. ould have gotten along with a Viet- ong terrorist? And Mike has moments ie acts unpredictably, in character, but inpredictably. You have to let them hange as their environment changes. 'ou have to let them evolve as real eople do. Don't lock them into situ- itions.

"There is a character named Tripper n the cartoon 'Bringing Up Father' vho is a stereotype. Obviously the reator said, 'I want a hippie. So I m going to put in a guy with a beard nd long hair and I am going to have im say things like 'far out.' And that s all that character does. That seems ishonest.

"Or even Mort Walker's character t. Flap. He's not the old stereotype f an eyes rolling, shifty negro. He's modern stereotype, a hip Afro-Amer- can. But he never gets put down and e is a lieutenant and he wears a oatee. Obviously Walker wanted to rite about a black in the army. But why a lieutenant? Most blacks are privates. Most of them are put down right and left. And I think the thinking blacks are going to be offended by this unreal kind of stereotype who is totally predictable in his reactions.

"When people talk about my characters I don't want them to talk about them as *the* radical or *the* football player. I want them talked about as Mark and B.D. I don't think when people are talking about Schulz's characters they talk about the piano player or the pitcher. It's because his characters are very 'for real' people to the reader.

"My characters grow with me and I can't say exactly where they are going. They are all little parts of me. You know, I guess I always wanted to catch that pass in the end zone."

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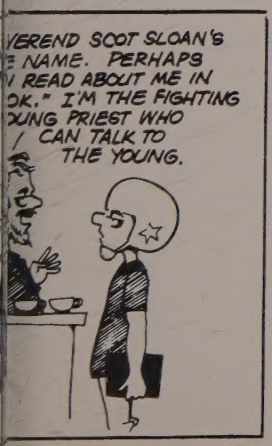

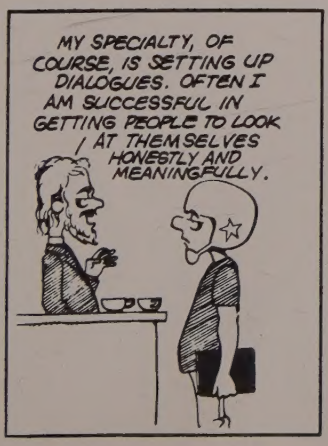

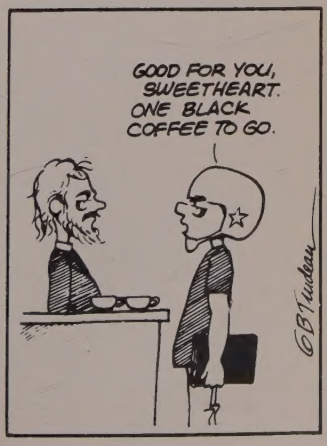

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